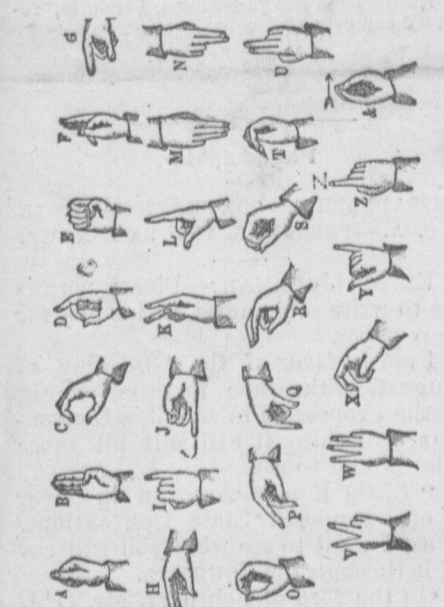


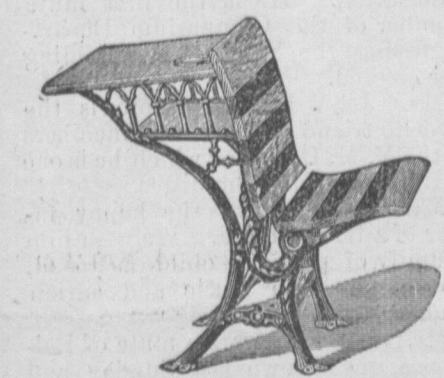
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1881.

NUMBER 11.

POETRY.

"JIM."

BY C. N. BRAINERD.

From the Conn. Valley Advertiser.

I know it isn't manly—it isn't brave to weep,
But the pressure round the heart I felt was terrible and deep.
As I gazed upon that writhing form, that struggling for breath,
I knew his time has come to go—'twas nothing short of death.

His kit lay in the corner: 't had been all the while to him;
He'd carved upon the box-lid the simple letters "JIM."
He'd sold the morning paper, too, to turn an honest dime,
And though amid the slams he'd lived, had he not committed crime.

Upon the table near the cot an old, old bible lay,
And kneeling by his side, I heard a loving mother pray.
She seemed to feel the hour had come—the time when they must part—
The time when she must bid farewell to this loved one of her heart.

His brother Ned now joined the group. His eyes were filled with tears,
For they had battled side by side in all those lonely years.

"Come nearer, Ned," he faintly said; "I am so glad you've come."
I feel that I am going, Ned—going, going home.

His mind it seemed to wander; he tried to raise his head;
"Black your boots? Shine 'em up? Morning papers, sir?" he said.
And then a flash of reason came—a momentary calm—
As though the soul, still wrapped in clay, had touched its sovereign balm.

"Farewell, mother dear," he said; "up yonder we shall meet,
And brother! I join us there, I know, as we walk the golden street."
"Be good to mother, brother—er—Ned—"
A momentary struggle, and the spirit of Jim had fled.
New-York, March 1, 1881.

STORY TELLER.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER'S STORY—
How a Railroad Company was Saved from a Loss of Half a Million.

I am a railroad engineer. Away along in 1857, during the recent panic, I was running on the F. & C. Railroad companies were going under in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures, and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any fears that it would fail to survive the general smash up; but yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down, arrearages collected, and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into deeper water than was agreeable all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first quality Taunton engines for the full passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations were made to cut down the time and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the engines came.

I said that there was but one engine came, but she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out of the Taunton works; and that is saying as much as can be said of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine. It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y—. The train was to carry up the president and several officers of the road to meet some officers of another road, which crosses ours there, and arrange some important business with them. I had no trouble at all in making my forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y—, when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out of the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were still under good headway, he was much injured, and carried off to the hotel insensible. According to the president's direction I switched off my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C— at a moment's notice.

Aldrich's presence was of so much importance that the business could not be transacted without him, so all those I had brought out, except the president and Aldrich, went back to C— on the 3 o'clock express train. This was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until next Monday. Early in the evening, I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating house to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was playing a game of dominoes with the station agent when in came Roberts, the president, in a state of great excitement. "Harry," said he, "I want you to put me down in C— at 12 o'clock."

As it was nearly 11 o'clock then, and the distance was seventy-five miles, I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door he caught me by the arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me down in C— at 12 o'clock I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me before he died that he had embezzled from time to time \$500,000 of our money, and his clerk is to start with it on the 12 o'clock boat from C— for Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands, and if you put me down in C— at the right time, so that I save my money, you shall have \$5,000. Understand it, Harry—five thousand dollars."

Of course I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down. I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry," he replied, as he climbed up on the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine.

I sprang up on to the footboard, got the switchtender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and just as we commenced moving, looked at my watch; it was just 11 o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in. From Y— to B— there were few curves on the road, but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it, so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter, and when I saw how the engine moved I felt very little fear for the result. The road for the first few miles was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy posting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, &c., that we danced by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand.

I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means if we carried out our plans of reaching C— by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at 110 pounds, so I turned down the valve to 200, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C—. It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed a rather long curve at the station, but which was at our rate of speed short enough, I looked at my watch, and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"Gaining," I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing on the platform of the coach.

"Look out for the heavy grades," he replied, and went inside the car.

The next six miles rose gradually from a level to ten and a half feet grade, the last which lay between us and the next station. My fireman kept her full, and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually so that she kept her speed and passed the station like a streak of lightning in five minutes. Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven and a half minutes. Here for ten miles we had a twenty-foot grade to encounter, but the worst of it all was at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he had gone after me.

I believe we would have made these ten miles with the same speed as before, but through the carelessness of the fireman the fountain valve on the left-hand side of the engine got opened and the water rose in the boiler so fast as to run the steam down to 100 pounds before I discovered where the difficulty was. At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as for dear life. But presently he looked up and, seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted "Harry, we are stopping!" and then coming over where I was, he said: "Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand if something is not done! The speed is continually slackening. What is the matter?" I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety-valve, he climbed over the tender, exhorting me to "put her through, for God's

sake, or we are all beggars together!"

Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road, but we had lost nearly ten minutes' time, and had only left twenty-seven to do thirty-seven miles in. I had shut the water off from both my pumps a little distance back when I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely—own a light grade. From less than one hundred, with which we started over that ten miles stretch, she had two hundred pounds before we finished it, and as the gauge indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much over two hundred pounds she carried; but she certainly carried none less the remainder of the journey. And well she might carry such an enormous head of steam, for after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of five-foot up grade, and fourteen miles of twenty-foot to the miles depression between us and C—, and it was now fifteen minutes to 12 o'clock.

Now the engine was hot in earnest—the furnace door, smoke-arch and chimney were all red, while she seemed to fly onward as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery. Six minutes carried us over that ten miles, and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C—. Now we had fourteen miles to go, and my time showed fifty-three minutes past 11 o'clock. "If I live," said I to myself, "I will do it." And we plunged down that twenty-foot grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run said it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it were a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its traveling died hardily in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they had really seen anything. It seemed more like the creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

And now let me tell you that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, seven feet in diameter, spun around so swiftly that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along, and although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine could hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

Well, just as I came to a standstill in the depot at C—the big clock boomed out twelve, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on broad in time and nothing to spare. But he saved the money. He found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldrich had directed him.

A FAMILY OF LAUGHERS.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

Straight across the Delaware from here, and back among the hills which run parallel with the river for many miles, live a family concerning whom the strangest stories are told. The father and sons are farmers, and all live in a large substantial house a few yards from the road to Doylestown. They are all chronic laughers, having an affliction of the muscles of the mouth and throat which compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals. The malady first appeared in the father about 10 years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifesting his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner table one day in the Spring of the year, eating steadily, and not engaging in any of the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, without any cause, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it at once.

When asked what was the reason for his sudden outburst he made no reply, but continued his merriment. Some of the boys thought he had hysterics and pounded him on the back, but it did no good. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper, and wrote that he was unable to control his risibles, and asked them to send for a doctor.

The rural physician came, but could give no remedy that stopped the laughter. Peel after peel of what sounded like the heartiest kind of fun came from him, and nothing would avail to prevent it. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and leaving a nervous, departed. The father continued laughing until about sundown, when he suddenly stopped and fell on the floor completely prostrated. He soon grew better, however, ate a hearty supper, and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of a return of the old trouble appearing, he went to bed and was soon fast

asleep. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning, however, his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms manifested themselves as on the afternoon previous. He kept it up until 7 o'clock, laughing loud and strong. At 7 o'clock the noise suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner time. Thus it continued, recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about 2 o'clock, and has ever since. As the week passed he grew so accustomed to the disease that he was caused very little inconvenience by it. He did not get tired out, as at first, and soon was able to go about his work—sowing seed and planting corn, digging vegetables, and watering the cattle—while laughing immoderately. He could not talk while under one of the spells, but carried a slate and pencil around with him, after the fashion of a deaf and dumb person.

The trouble was very regular in its coming and going, and only occasionally broke forth at unlooked-for seasons. Once the old man was taken in church, just when the minister was exhorting his hearers in the most solemn strains, and spoiled the effect of the discourse, besides disturbing the equilibrium of the clergyman. Another time he was found by one of his neighbors along the road, lying beneath a bag of flour, laughing at a terrific rate. He had been taken while driving home from the mill, and the suddenness of the sounds frightened the horse, causing it to run away and dump the man and part of his load out in the road. For 18 months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady. Several of them had complained from time to time of an inclination to join the father in the laugh, but none of them did so until nearly two years after he was taken, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From that time on she has laughed at about the same hours her father does. One by one the remaining members fell victims to the strange complaint, until three years ago there was but one left free, and that was Charles, the oldest son. His long exemption led him to believe he would escape the contagion. But he was mistaken, and it is said he had his first attack while petitioning for the hand of a Harrisburg damsel. So frightened was the lady by the queer behavior of her suitor that she ran from the room, and it was weeks before the proper explanations could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family here, and, escaping the malady, never minds the hideous chorus of laughter which twice a day resounds through the house or grounds. It is regarded as rather strange that none of the neighbors should have caught the infection, but such is the case although many of them mingle constantly with the family.

Everything possible has been done to alleviate or remove the malady, but without perceptible effect. Several eminent physicians from the leading cities have visited the home and grown interested in the case. They all confess themselves baffled, and want one or two of the family to go to the city where they can receive constant treatment. This they refuse to do. Their peculiar trouble, so noticeable and odd, has made them very sensitive, and they will not travel where they will be subject to scrutiny and remark. They go to church or the store in the village close by, and attend social gatherings occasionally in the neighborhood in the evenings, but only among life long-friends. People within radius of a few miles are so accustomed to the thing that they never mind or mention it. Consequently few people outside of the immediate vicinity, and the physicians who have attended them, are cognizant of the circumstances.

The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. There are scores of lines under the eyes and above the cheeks, caused by the drawing up of the skin. Then their mouths have become wider, and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as nearly as anything the voice of an alto singer. Males and female have the same inflection and intonation. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become very near-sighted. The pupils have contracted, and the entire eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes while laughing and the effort required in working or reading while undergoing an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused by the laughers. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do while attacked is to eat, and that can be readily understood. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken

soon after birth with stated attacks at the same hours as the older ones do, but they grow and express all the signs of baby glee twice a day, and never cry while in that state.

New Jersey Letter.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—How d'ye do? The weather is delightful but—its a fraud.

What an improvement, there is in you, dear paper, since you were published in Mexico; then I hardly cared to look at you, and now we cannot do without you.

I've been on the point of writing to you several times, but always found something to put it off, until now. I am very much ashamed of myself for the neglect of congratulating you upon your appearance.

I nearly split my sides laughing on Mr. Why's latest good advice, it knocks Lord Chesterfield's ideas of etiquette "all to flinders." Do give us some more, "Mr. Why," and don't be angry at my laughing. I perfectly understand your hit, and if ever you come in my way I will give you a dose of it. A doctor never takes his own medicine, you know, but you have got to stand some of yours—a mild one though.

But I am rambling off into nonsense, and am afraid Mr. Editor will throw this into the waste basket, turn up his elegant nose and say Pshaw! so I will try to be sensible and write something about the mutes around here.

There are about a dozen of them in this neighborhood, some from the New York and some from the Pennsylvania Institution, for we live almost on the line that separates the two states of New York and Pennsylvania. New Jersey sends to each; but I will not weary you with a detail of them all and each one's ancestors at present. When news gets dull from here you shall have plenty of the dry stuff. Peter B. Gulick, who is one of them, lives at Stockton, N. J., on a place called Brookville. Himself and wife were members of the New York Institution High Class of '69. They have three children, a girl and two boys, who can all hear speak. Their little girl, 7 years old, can use the manual alphabet and make signs well enough to tell papa and mama everything other children tell their parents.

At present Mr. Gulick is very busy in an earnest effort to start a mute school in New Jersey, he has but recently returned from New York, whither he went to consult with Dr. Gallaudet upon the subject.

He also visited the Institution and was the guest of Prof. Lloyd, by whom he was nicely treated.

His next step is to go to New Brunswick, N. J., and endeavor to get Mrs. Wells, a very rich and benevolent lady there, to help him get up some enthusiasm for the proposed school, and when that is accomplished Dr. Gallaudet will assist in holding a public meeting in the place.

We wish him "God Speed" on his journey, and may he meet with the most sanguine success.

New Jersey, I am sorry to say, is very slow and "one horsey," the people are the most narrow-minded and selfish towards deaf-mutes that one has ever met with. Bedle and McClelland as Governors would have nothing to do with them, and Bedle even vetoed a bill passed by the Legislature for the erection of a Deaf and Dumb Institution to be located where Mr. Gulick is going to try his luck.

The new Governor now in the chair (George Ludlow) seems to have more interest in them, and has promised to investigate the matter.

We are looking forward to inviting Rev. H. W. Style to come from Philadelphia and hold service for us. It is ten long years since I have attended divine service in the mute language; but do not think me awful naughty and wicked on that account. Circumstances over which I have had no control, have prevented, and I have had to content myself at the hearing churches.

Respectfully,
MRG.

Feb. 28, 1880.

CIDER CAKE.—One cup sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg well beaten, one large cup of cider, one teaspoonful of soda, flour sufficient to make it as thick as pound cake. One cup of raisins can be added if desired.

FRIED APPLES.—Quarter tart apples without peeling; have some nice salt pork frying, or butter if preferred, and lay the apples close together, skin side down; cover till well steamed; then uncover and brown both sides, turning and watching closely to prevent burning.

Pig's-Foot CHEESE.—Boil the hocks and feet of equal quantity loose in a pot till the meat will fall freely from the bones, put into a pan while hot and press it. Cut in slices and serve with vinegar or Worcester sauce.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

"Close the book, O weary student,
Leave the Legends and the lore;
Can the head be wise and prudent,
When the heart is sad or sore?"

Turn thee from the subtle fable;
Probe no more for hidden truth;
It is more than thou art able,
In thy fierce, unrestful youth,

Whence this sudden hot aspiring,
After laurel wreaths of fame?
Whence this strain and toil untiring,
For far echoes of a name?

Ah! it is that frequent story:
Love has failed in faith and fled,
And thou speedest after glory,
Saying—"It will serve instead."

Close thine eyes to this dark present;
Open them upon the light,
Of the times when life was pleasant,
And its hopes were large and bright.

Mute eyes of birds and fountains
Tremble faintly far and high;
And yon solemn chain of mountains
Bears earth's throbbings to the sky.

Youth and maid in tender fashion
Saunter round and down the path,
Ere the pining of her passion,
And the rising of her wrath.

Ere their hearts are coldly sundered,
By a spear too small for name,
Even while he grieved and wondered
How and why the weapon came.

Rouse thee, rouse thee, drowsy sleeper;
Dreams are naught but flying foam;
Jays await thee, sweeter deeper,
Than have ever moved thy brain.

Trumpet tongues peal forth to waken
Thee to march to sterner fates,
Where Truth's outposts are sore shaken
By the force that Error wages.

Lo! the large limbed, giant, Goliath,
Trampling leagues of blood-red sod;
Hear how loudly he doleth—
All the armaments of God.

See his monster fingers crippling
With a wrench some daring foe;
Forth against the giant—stripling,
Thine it is to deal the blow.

It is thine, O ruddy David,
God shall conquer by thy youth,
That his sons be not self-saved
But prevail by right of Truth.

Is not this far grander vision,
Sweetest, cool, and sane, and true;
Though thou meet with men's derision,
For that thou art least and last?

All the faithless crowd shall jostle,
Fickle friends forsake thee then,
Seeing not the Great Apostle,
In a man like common men.

So be it—they fail and falter,
Like all smiling things of earth;
So that God, who can not alter,
May reward thee with his worth."

ANONYMOUS.

Letter from Watertown.

The interest with which Mrs. C. H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., watches her (four years old) daughter, Minnie, rendering the Lord's prayer in signs, and the pleasure which it gives her to note to the progress that Minnie is making in the sign-language are not easily imagined. Many of the people that belong to the highest grade of society constantly call on Mrs. Cooper and admire the graceful manner in which Minnie interprets the Lord's prayer in signs after saying it, and they say her gestures are beautiful and impressive. Her younger daughter, Gertrude, is a cunning little girl and her eyes are fascinating. Mrs. Cooper has every reason to be proud of her daughters on account of those qualities,—they were fortunately born with of the splendid qualities of Mrs. Cooper. It is unnecessary to speak at any length for there are lots of her silent friends that can testify to her genial character. Mr. Upham says there can be no better amusement than the one it affords him to play with those *filles petites et charmantes* on Sundays. Mrs. Cooper is a pleasant conversationalist on all subjects.

I think you would be glad to have me send you a new puzzle, the solution of which can be made in 1/2 of a minute, and at which the deaf-mutes of Watertown, N. Y., have been working for a long time without striking the way. The sender of the mystery could not solve it himself until he was shown the way to "do it." Its outline is given below.

"The trick is to make the above, without taking the lead-pencil off the paper, more than three times, and without tracing over the same line more than one time. When you start it, make two lines at once if possible."

Your readers will try to "do it," but they will doubtless give up its solution as an impossibility, and say it is worse than the famous "15" puzzle. A great thinker may do it in half a minute. The mystery takes easy, but better try it. If they don't want to blow their brains out, it is better to leave it strictly alone.

A WATERTOWNIAN.

WORKMAN AND MECHANIC.—Two terms that are often used interchangeably are the caption of this article. A workman is called a mechanic and a mechanic a workman indiscriminately, but between the two there is a vast difference, apparent to all who think of the matter. A workman is a man who works, and he may be a laborer in some instances, but a mechanic is a man who devises. He plans and lays out schemes to avoid useless details, and to expedite whatever he has hold of. He makes the crooked machine straight, and sees what end it is desired to attain and works with that in view solely. This is just the reason why the man in a shop will do so much more than his neighbor. Certain things that are mere routine he gets over or around without a thought, while the workman who is not a mechanic, plods right along through wet and dry and does not get ahead any. This marked distinction is sometimes found in foreman of works, who excel in mere routine, and insist that their help shall follow the path they mark out. We think this is a mistake; if a man gets his work out properly, and in time, he should be allowed to do it in his own way.—Mechanical Engineer.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAR. 17, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

In another column, our readers will find an article concerning the habit which a great many deaf-mutes have of neglecting books and reading. While the article in question is to be commended, there are one or two opinions advanced with which we differ from the writer. In the first place, he is rather unjust when he states that in no institution that he knows of is there sufficient encouragement given to the pupil to form a habit of reading. Perhaps his acquaintance with the inside workings of any institution beyond the one which he attended is very limited. We do not know how it is with other institutions, but at the New York Institution there is plenty of encouragement given, and abundant opportunity afforded for the gratification of any literary taste which the pupils possess. All the popular magazines of the day, such as *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *The Atlantic*, *The Nursery*, *Appleton's*, *Popular Science*, etc., are regularly received and read by the pupils, besides many illustrated papers, and various newspapers, all of which they have an opportunity to examine. Every evening books are distributed to the larger pupils in the Institution library, as well as to all of the pupils, large and small, each day in the library connected with the school department. Then, each week, books are obtained from the Mercantile Library of New York, which are read and returned. So that, as far as one institution is concerned, there can be no fault found in the matter of encouragement. Probably other institutions could tell a similar story, but we can speak only as far as our personal knowledge in the matter extends. Again, we do not think that books like "The Murder of the Bloody Gulch" should ever be allowed in the hands of any deaf-mute, nor hearing person either. If such books encourage the pupil to read, they do a great deal more harm in another way. Books of this kind pervert the mind and dwarf the intellect of all who may be given to their perusal, and God forbid that we should attempt to cultivate (?) a taste for reading by any method which could possibly be harmful to the moral character. Given the opportunity to read, and encouraged to that end in a proper manner, it will never be found necessary to hold out such an alluring bait as a yellow covered novel, to induce the pupil to devote a part of his or her time to reading, and insure the development of an interest in papers and books.

The Nineteenth and Twentieth Annual Reports of the Alabama Institution, the Ninth Annual Report of the Le Conteux St. Mary's Institution, of Buffalo, N. Y., the First Biennial Report of the Minnesota Institution, and the Twentieth Biennial Report of the Illinois Institution have all been received during the past week. All of these reports show that the educational wants of the deaf and dumb are not being neglected, and that the outlook for the future is encouraging. In all of the Institutions from which these reports come, there is an industrial department attached, and two of the reports—the Illinois and Le Conteux St. Mary's—have been printed by the pupils of each Institution respectively.

NOTICES.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain expects to be in Baltimore on Sunday, March 27th, to interpret at the Confirmation service in Grace Church and to conduct the afternoon service for deaf-mutes.—Mr. James S. Wells, the lay-reader in charge, expects that several deaf-mutes will be confirmed.

Bishop Harris has made a special appointment for the deaf-mute mission at St. John's Church, Cleveland, O., and will confirm on the 20th instant.

The deaf-mutes of Chicago and vicinity are cordially invited to attend the services at the Cathedral and St. James Church, on Sunday, March 27th, at 10:45 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Deaf-Mutes of Newark and vicinity are invited to services in Trinity Mission Chapel next Sunday March 20th. Holy Communion at 12 noon and sign service at 4 p.m.—Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will officiate.

Bishop Robertson has made an appointment to be with Rev. Mr. Mann at the afternoon service, Christ Church, St. Louis, on Sunday April 3d. Those desiring to be confirmed may address Mr. Mann or Rev. Dr. Schnyler, the Rector.

The Rt. Reverend Bishop of Indiana will hold confirmation in Christ Church, Indianapolis, on Easter Day, April 17th. Those desiring to be confirmed may call on the Rev. E. A. Bradley, Rector, or write the Rev. Mr. Mann, No 5 Chestnut St., Cleveland, O.

Convention Pamphlets.

Pamphlets embodying in full the proceedings of the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held in Cincinnati in August, 1880, will be sold at the rate of 15 cents each. All who desire to procure a copy can do so by sending the above amount to E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York City.

R. P. McGREGOR, President.

WANTED.

In New York City or Brooklyn, by a young man, bound in a respectable family where there are deaf-mutes, or where the mute language is well understood. Address immediately, stating terms and giving full particulars as to location, etc. Answers will be regarded as strictly confidential.

BOARDER.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. P. W. Packard, of Salem, Mass., would like to obtain the addresses of all Deaf-Mute Religious Societies in the United States.

Rev. Mr. Mann will hold a service at St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, on the 24th of this month. All the deaf-mutes are cordially invited.

Mrs. L. Hess would like to know Mrs. George Slifer's (formerly Miss Mary Hammett) address. Any one knowing it, will please send it through the columns of the JOURNAL.

Mr. C. C. Hatfield is still working on the Dayton Democrat, having served on that paper for the past 4 years. He is always steady in habits. He has a lively and lovely wife.

Mrs. Melinda Brown, of Maine, (formerly Miss Eliza M. Stevenson) was sick with sore eyes for two months. For five months she could not answer letters which her old deaf-mute friends wrote.

James Whalen, of Arcadia, N. Y., made Augustus Kowald a visit about two weeks ago. Mr. Whalen owns over four acres of land, about three miles from Eagleville, N. Y., and raises poultry. Mr. Kowald's wife is his sister.

Some one pounded on the door of Mr. Byron A. Brown's house one night, in Newburg, Me. He is a deaf-mute, but feeling the fear, he ran to the door and opening it discharged a revolver at random. Since then the pounding has not been repeated.

The editorial which appeared in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, rebuking a correspondent for sending a slanderous letter for publication, had no reference to Mr. A. Kowald or Mr. Clarence Webster, as neither of these gentlemen wrote the letter in question.

A Bill has passed both Houses of our Territorial Legislature, locating the school for the deaf and dumb at Sioux Falls, Dakota, and making appropriations for beginning building and for support. Sioux Falls is to give \$1000 and ten acres of land for the same.

Mr. Henry Bell, of Jeromeville, O., is in excellent health, and his place of business as a shoemaker is prospective and the mail for repairing old boots and shoes is the rage, and he has to make Jeromeville his place of residence on account of good business. Henry, stick to it.

The many friends of Mrs. Cestina Reaser, of Raisinville, will be pained to hear that she has been suffering with cancer in the breast since last August. She placed herself under the treatment of Dr. Schafer of the same place, on January 6th, and has been relieved, and is now doing well.

The Boston Courier asks if our dumb animals are ever of the feminine gender. Oh, yes, there's Ella Phant, Aunt Elope, the little doves and lots of others.—[New York Commercial Advertiser. Not to mention Anna Conda, Allie Gator, Sally Mander, the Moll Uka, Polly Wogg, Liz Ard et al.—Philadelphia Bulletin.]

The Deaf-Mute School at Beverly, encouraged by the gratifying success of last year's fair, which netted a clear profit of something over two hundred dollars, proposes to hold another in the Town Hall, some time in May. The day has not yet been decided upon, but will be announced in the JOURNAL as soon as it is fixed upon.

On his long journey from Americus, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala., the Rev. Job Turner, got off at Union Springs for one night, and made a call on two interesting, well-educated ladies—Misses Georgia R. and Laura Toney—both graduates of the Alabama Institution, at Talladega, to which they are quite an honor. Their sister, Miss Mary E. Toney, is one of the instructors in that institution. Dr. Johnson, the Principal, spoke to Dr. Gallaudet very highly of her as a lady and teacher, when we paid a visit to Talladega. Union Springs has a population of 1,500 inhabitants. The next morning Mr. Turner made his way to Montgomery, Ala., and went on to Mobile the same night. He reached New Orleans on Sunday morning, March 6th, all right.

On the 3rd inst., Charles Warren Stevenson brother to H. Stewart Stevenson of Philadelphia, died, aged 27 years.

Miss Eva Horton would like to hear from her domestic friend, Mr. Marcus E. Chee-man, of Sardinia, N. Y., through the JOURNAL.

Wm. L. Howell, a deaf-mute of Port Jefferson, L. I., planted an oyster bed in the bay, and in three weeks he has gathered and sold fifteen dollars worth.

There is a barber shop in Marlboro, Mass., of which a French deaf-mute named Dennis Green, is the proprietor. His wife is a speaking lady, and has one child.

Abraham Martin and family, of Steelton, Pa., were so much affected from coal gas escaping from a stove in his house, on the 7th of February, that they were very ill for a time.

Joseph Blanchard and Michael Crain, deaf-mutes of Milford, Mass., are skillful shoe-makers, the former is married, and the latter is unmarried and lives with his parents.

We have it from good authority that Mr. James Myers of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of the old 50th Street N. Y. Institution, is and has been for many years the "Boss" book-binder in D. Appleton & Co's bindery.

The Superintendent of the Texas Institution has issued a circular giving a list of forty-four pupils who are sick with measles. The disease is quite mild in character, and no fatal result is feared in the case of any.

Mr. Geo. Lockwood, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was presented by his wife with another daughter last Friday. He is now the happy father of three children—two girls and one boy, the latter being "a real chip of the old block," so says P.

Last Saturday, on the 12th inst. Mr. Alonzo Alford was in Natick selling fancy soaps and returned home to Beverly in the evening. He married Miss Ellen R. Currier, of Danville, Vt., and were both educated at the Hartford Institution.

The Rev. Job Turner reached New Orleans La., all right at 12 1/2 o'clock Sunday morning, March 6th, after a pleasant mission work of exactly two months from Staunton, Va., which place he left Jan. 7th. The same morning he went to Algeria, near Egypt, about four miles from New Orleans, to rest several days at the hospitable residences of Daniel P. Marcy, Esq., graduate of the New York Institution.

Joanna McCarthy, a deaf-mute residing in Wakefield, Mass., with whom many Massachusetts deaf-mutes are acquainted, was run against by a hand car and knocked down bruising her left arm, her right ear and chest, besides bruising her left limb. She was going to her work at the factory, thinking that the car had passed before that time, so it took her unawares. The doctor was called, but said no bones were broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, of Buffalo, N. Y., and their daughter Bell, took a ride to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, about seven miles from their home. They had a pleasant time. Among the things shown there was a framed picture of a deaf-mute named Norman, Jr., who was killed on the Hudson River Railroad several years ago. He was a pupil of the New York Institution and was taught by Mr. Alphonso Johnson, who is now a teacher at the Central N. Y. Inst.

Mrs. Adam Acheson, of Boston, took her mute boy, aged seven, to the school at Beverly, last week. While there, she was convinced of the efficiency of the school by the rapid progress the children of Mrs. Wise had made after only a month of schooling. She felt that she was leaving her children in good hands. She was agreeably surprised at the size of the building which was larger than she thought.

Indiana boasts of a deaf and dumb dog. The mute shoe-maker, who used to be assistant foreman at the asylum, had one. The dog, the gift he received, belonged to a man who complained of his deafness. When he cried: "Tom, go and bark," he could not do so, and he gave him to the mute. The mute thought he was a good dog, but upon examination, declared the dog a fellow-mute, so he got angry and drowned him in the river.

The vivacious and charming Mrs. Follette lives upon a hill which is said to be the highest in Rhode Island. The situation is very beautiful in summer, and her house is the favorite resort of people in carriages from Woonsocket and Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, an intelligent and agreeable couple, spend nearly every summer with Mrs. Follette. Mrs. Follette has in her possession an autograph letter from President Garfield, and she is painting a pretty neckerchief which she intends to present to Mrs. Garfield.

The New England Industrial School is fast winning good friends among the wealthy and charitable. On well-known day in Boston has lately donated the sum of fifty dollars to aid in the erection of the shop, which is the intention of Supt. Sweet to build as soon as the ground is dry. A visit from Rev. Mr. Rice, a member of the State Board of Education, and his friend, Rev. Mr. Sangster, lately appointed a Trustee, is daily expected. A visit from Rev. Mr. Rice in the company of his friend augurs well for the prospects of the school.

PROFESSOR J. W. SHIPLEY, the "True Messiah," a resident of Saratoga Springs, New York, unfortunately a deaf-mute, but a talented man, is selling a patent fountain pen and giving away a copy of an original poem which smacks of free thought and liberal views. The "True Messiah" is an interesting old gentleman, but a reporter who was sent to interview him made a failure of the task. He says the old man isn't at all social, and would starve to death before he would howl for cold mutton.

Miss Martineau, who was deaf and had learned the deaf-and-dumb method of talk, says in one of her books that she found the sign language the universal speech. Wherever she went round the world she could make herself understood by that method. It worked as well in Egypt as in England. An illustration, and a ghastly one was afforded Friday of the same power of mimic representation in the Coney Island shipwreck. Early that morning, a poor Italian sailor, unable to say or understand a word of English, was picked up off the beach there floating on a piece of wreck. He told his dreadful story so well by signs that the life-saving station men understood him that the ship-struck Captain opened his wine stores, ten men were washed overboard, four in despair cut their throats and fell into the sea dead, and he alone survived. The picture of the shivering wretch going through this awful chapter of tragedy, speechless among those to whom he owed his life, and acting out each dreadful incident, will probably remain in the memory of his hearers so long as they live, and will be handed down in tradition among the south shore tales for years and years to come.—Hartford Courant.

Mr. Alfred Harris was in Morton, Miss., lately, visiting his deaf-mute sister, Miss Minerva Harris.

Mr. Peter Huster, of Philadelphia, will soon subscribe for the JOURNAL. He says the JOURNAL is very interesting to read. He thinks it is a well-conducted paper.

Mr. Stubbs, of Philadelphia, a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, said he liked the association because he could learn much from books in the library.

Mr. John T. Hughes is a good milkman and also dairy man at the Morefield Stock Farm, the property of Dr. J. H. Johnson, the principal of the Alabama Institution.

Maria L. Hess would like to know the address of Mrs. Geo. Slifer, formerly Miss Mary Hammett, Any person knowing it will please send through the columns of the JOURNAL.

Mr. John Q. Hahn, is a deaf-mute gentleman, of Philadelphia. He is a very quiet man. He is reported to be much pleased with the JOURNAL. He has been a subscriber for three years.

Mr. James J. Coyle, of Frankford, Phila., changed a barrel of flour for ten cents. It was worth eight dollars. He gave the flour to his mother, who thanked him for his kindness.

The report of the Georgia Institution speaks of the death of a pupil—a little boy—and the curious statement is given that the mother of the boy reported that he "had been addicted to eating clay all his life."—Cambridge Tribune.

Mr. Lispet, of Philadelphia, is a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. He is a calm leader and well qualified for the duties of his office in the Association. We are glad Mr. Lispet is making himself useful.

Mr. James Pollock, of Frankford, Phila., went to Washington, D. C., to see the inauguration of President Garfield. He told his brother John, who is deaf-mute, that he saw some deaf-mutes in the crowd. He saw them making signs, and thought they looked very nice.

Miss Nettie Weil, a resident of Plymouth, Pa., returned to her home on Tuesday, the 8th inst., after a sojourn of three months with her lady friends in Brooklyn. She enjoyed her visit to Gotham, contrary to her anticipation.

Rev. H. W. Syde, of Philadelphia, held a service in the Sunday School room of Rev. Mr. Knight's Church, Lancaster, Pa., on Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. His sermon was very interesting. Nine mutes were there, and they will all be glad to have him back again next month.

The next lecture in the series before the Manhattan Literary Association is to be given by Mr. Albert Ballin, a member of the Association, on "Evolution," Thursday, the 24th inst. Gentlemen will please not fail to bring their sisters, cousins and aunts.

John Cunningham, a graduate of the New York Institution, went to Texas last year, but finding the climate did not agree with him recently returned to New York City. His arms are useless, as they are affected with some disease. He was formerly a newsboy, but is at present out of employment.

The Catholic Society held services in St. Francis Xavier's Church, last Sunday, March 13th. About twenty-five mutes attended, among which were several ladies. The society holds meetings every Wednesday evening, at 7:30, in the large hall of St. Francis College, West 16th St. The Constitution and By-Laws have been printed, and were distributed among the members at the last meeting.

Mr. Thomas Breen, of Philadelphia, in company with friends, attended a ball in Frankford, Philadelphia on the 21st of February, in the Odd Fellows' Hall in honor of the birthday of Washington. He said Frankford was a nice place. We are pleased to hear that Mr. Breen was appointed on the Local Committee in connection with the convention to be held in Philadelphia the coming summer, he being very well qualified to act upon that committee.

Mr. John Q. Hahn, of Phila., a deaf-mute son of Jacob Hahn is a very agreeable young gentleman. He is much admired by the ladies. His father is an oil operator and lumber merchant of Clarion, Penn., and reported to be quite wealthy. We do not know whether Mr. John Hahn intends to commit matrimony, but if he does we hope that the partner of his choice may be lovely in all her ways, and that his pathway through life may be free from care and anxiety, like unto the little child that leans upon its mother's bosom, caring not for the morrow, but satisfied with its lot and happy as the day is long.

We have often wondered, since Mr. Garfield's election, whether he remembers playing "tap," or "drop the handkerchief," with the deaf and dumb girls in their study in the old Institution, while he was in our State Senate. "We" remember it, at least a part of "us," and we prize the recollection as showing one side of his large heart and his noble nature. That he has not lost his interest in the cause of deaf-mute education is proven by his participation in the exercises of the college at Washington, of which he now becomes an honored patron.—Chronicle.

ANOTHER INVOLUTION.—The deaf and dumb, dodge seems to be getting popular in this city. Yesterday afternoon, Officer Lyons, of the First Precinct, arrested a man by the name of Julius Muir, who had been indulging in that little game. He had succeeded in arousing the compassion of Mr. Warner, Agent for the Charity Organization Society, to the extent of procuring a pass to Rochester. The ticket was secured and returned. A paper on his person informed the public that he was a deaf-mute, but the contrary was proved at the station house. Justice King will look into his case this morning.—Buffalo Express.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GAME.—Tuesday evening the 4th inst., a man who gave his name as Charles Turner, aged thirty-one years, was arrested by Specials Kief and Wiley, of the First Precinct, on a charge of vagrancy. On account of certain papers found on his person it was deemed advisable to hold him. He had been in town about three weeks, and had been stopping at a cheap boarding-house on Main street near the canal. It seems that he had been passing himself off as deaf and dumb. He had in his pocket a list of names of business men whom he had visited or intended to visit, and from some of them he had obtained two dollars and from others smaller sums. The list includes the names of Messrs. Falk, Wolf, Fleischmann, Leyn, Rosenblatt, Stern, Ullmann, Block and Altmann. After his arrest his power of speech returned, and he seemed to find no difficulty in understanding the complaints made against him. Yesterday afternoon the officers succeeded in finding a boy named Charles Conrad, hailing from Tonawanda, who states that a few nights ago he fell in with Turner, who tried to induce him to attempt the deaf and dumb dodge. The boy was held as a witness, and Turner will be brought before Justice King this morning for examination.—Buffalo Express.

The man who 'keeps' his word never speaks, says Charles Reed, of Menasha, Wisconsin, is now visiting his relatives in Topeka, Kansas, but will return home soon.

Miss Eliza Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn., has been visiting her friends in Bridgeport and Easton during the past week.

Miss E. M. Bolt is employed in the office of a Topeka, Kansas, daily paper. She went there from Michigan last summer.

W. K. Chase, of Florida, was visiting his friends in Connecticut a few weeks ago, and also Mr. F. T. Beecher, of Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nevers, of Bridgeport, Conn., have just gone to house-keeping in the upper story of their father's residence.

C. H. Angle, of Topeka, Kansas, contemplates going to Southern Colorado or New Mexico to raise sheep as soon as he can get a good ranch.

Never address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.—[Cambridge Tribune.]

The partnership heretofore existing between George Fafley, Bernard Clark and James Russell, has been dissolved. Mr. Farley is now sole proprietor.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenimore, of Lawrence, Mass., having broken up house-keeping for good, have secured ample accommodations in a boarding house.

Miss Mary Mann, who is connected with the American Asylum as a teacher, has been teaching for many years, and is one of the oldest and most faithful instructors.

Ira H. Derby's correspondents will please address their letters to South Weymouth, Mass., while he is away. All letters sent to him will receive prompt attention.

The Cin. Enquirer says:—The bill to establish a new institution for deaf and dumb, before the House of Representatives after a long discussion, was defeated—yeas, 23; nays, 25.

Francis Kelly, of Boston, exhibited to the deaf-mutes, a model sleigh of his own invention, and employed a party to look after a patent, will please let us know if he has secured the patent.

Mrs. Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., would like to inform her friends and correspondents that her address has been changed from 131 to 135 Ogden Street, as the house has recently been renumbered.

Miss Mary Weller, of Paterson, N. J., for two years only able to speak in a whisper, was thrown from a sleigh the other day, and her vocal apparatus so jarred into place again that she immediately recovered her full voice.

Mrs. Jackson, a deaf-mute widow, of Maine, is now residing in Attleboro, Mass. Also another deaf-mute by the name of Wm. Jackson, who hails from New York. They are no relation to each other. Attleboro is noted for the manufacture of stock-plated jewelry.

Mr. Walter J. Graham is in Morton, Miss. He is a nice looking man. He has some cousins in Morton. He has been traveling through Good Hope, Hillsboro, Harpersville and Forest, for about two months. He says he is going back to Jackson next Wednesday. He has a diploma of the Mississippi Institution.

P. W. Packard, of Salem, Mass., will officiate for the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, Sunday March 20th, and John Carlin, of New York, is expected on the 27th, also to lecture on Wednesday eve, the 30th. All mutes in the vicinity of Boston are cordially invited to attend these services.

At Rev. Mr. Mann's last service in Cincinnati, two persons—an infant and adult—received the sacrament of baptism. He expects to be in Cincinnati again on the occasion of Bishop Jaggar's official visit to St. Joseph's Parish, on Sunday April 24th, at 7:30 p. m.

A few years since, a deaf-mute living a few miles from Boston, sported a glossy silk hat. After he had passed an enjoyable evening at a deaf-mute levee, he returned home much disgusted as some sounder had taken the hat and left behind an old one. Fast young men, take warning.

There is a railroad station in Indiana, on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis & Chicago Railroad named Gallaudet, in honor of the founder of the Hartford school. It was named by Mr. J. O. Brown, the first Superintendent of the Indiana Institution, who owned the land on which it was built.

Mrs. H. G. Moody would be pleased to know if Mr. Almos Smith received a letter from her last January. She was sorry that the illness of her youngest son prevented her attending the Worcester Levee, as she wished very much meet Mrs. Joslin, who is the mother of Mrs. D. B. Howe and Mrs. John Trask.

What "Renville" asserts in regard to a student from Minnesota, and a student from Maryland, is a mistake. One of the Faculty wrote to the Maryland Institution that Mr. G. W. Veltz had passed the best examination of any one that ever entered the National Deaf-Mute College, from all the State Institutions since the college commenced.—VILIST.

The Denton farm is looked upon generally as the best adapted for the State Agricultural Experimental Station. It contains 100 acres; soils, clay, gravelly loam and sandy loam; large brick mansion, splendid group of barns, abundance of water, land thoroughly underdrained. We understand it can be leased or purchased on very reasonable terms.—Geneva (N. Y.) Gazette.

Here is a proof of the universality of sign language. Rev. Mr. Mann and Mr. Hatfield, of Dayton, O., while talking in the Union Depot, were accosted by one of several German immigrants just arrived, who proved to be a graduate of one of the German schools. He used signs fluently and understood his newly made acquaintances very well. This would seem to show that, notwithstanding the general opposition of German teachers to the sign language, their pupils will naturally use it and grow in it.

Stephen Fitch, son of Mrs. Lucinda Fitch, died on Tuesday night. His has been a sad life. Born deaf and dumb, and with a slender constitution, he has seemed to have so much of suffering. Whatever his mission here was it is fulfilled, and he has gone to the Father's House. I could not help but think, as the bell counted his thirty-eight years, that it might be said of him he was one of those "which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He left an example of patient suffering, spelling on his fingers, sometimes, to his mother, the words, "sick! tired!" He had one of the best of mothers, whose solicitude for her afflicted child seemed to grow deeper to the last.—Watson (N. Y.) Chronicle, March 10.

It is sad but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear after.

L. N. Perkins, the deaf-mute, is being blessed in his old age. Last Sunday morning a little girl made its appearance in his household and we have no doubt L. N. is very happy. He is in the vicinity of sixty-four, and with a boy and girl to cheer his declining years he ought to be reasonably contented.—Anamosa (Iowa) Eureka.

Faithfully yours, M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—Y. M. C. A.—PERSONAL, AND SAD NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please permit me to write some news of this city for your paper.

I am in favor of the 23rd day of August, as the time for the opening of the Proposed Philadelphia Convention, as I think it will suit all those who intend to attend it.

"Little Rep." Are you in favor of our Proposed State Convention? If so, I want to see what you will say of it through the JOURNAL.

On the 23rd of February, Mr. C. J. Perego, a mute of Baltimore, paid a visit to the Young Men's Christian Association, and was well entertained by the mute members of the said Association.

On the 22nd of this month, Mr. Chas. E. Green, a mute of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited the same Association, and was kindly entertained by the mute members of the Association. This Association has over 3400 members. Among these there are 14 mute members.

Prof. A. A. Griffin, of Chicago delivered an interesting lecture on Voices and Faces as signs of Character in the hall of Young Men's Christian Association of this city. There were 4 mute members, besides Prof. Weeds, of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Inst., present. The lecturer made very clear signs on Faces, which caused all the hearers and mutes to burst into laughter.

The faces which he made were in the signs or shape of a drunkard, Hamlet, Macbeth, a Dutchman, a Meddler &c., &c.

Last night, Mr. Joseph Bruthi, a mute, became a member of the Gymnasium Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, though he is still one of the members of the Association. He is the first mute member of the Gymnasium Department since the Y. M. C. A. building was erected.

Mr. John H. Kingsmore is the favorite friend of the mute members of the Y. M. C. A., of which he is one of the Reception Committee.

Mr. George Slifer is the happy father of a female child. We wish him a family of precious children to fill his home with music and enrich his heart with love.

Mr. W. W. Schwarz a mute of Baltimore, was in town last Sunday and he attended the religious services conducted by Rev. H. W. Syde at St. Stephen's Church. He went home in the evening. I hope he had a nice time.

Mr. John R. Lewis is working with James L. Robb, in the Caledonian Cotton Mills. We wish them prosperity.

The writer was informed that Mr. O. Houston was proud that his child was baptized on the 13th of February by our friend, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet.

Miss Mamie E. Broadwater, a pupil of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, aged 11 years, died of Kidney disease on the 5th of this month. Her remains were buried in Haddonfield Co., N. J.

Master James C. Stubbs, mute, exhibited his graceful sign-making on "The Lord's Prayer," "The Apostle's Creed," and some stories, in the Church at Green and 5th Streets, also at Vine and 12th Sts., and in the hall at 13th and Lombard Sts., during the past week, and he was generally applauded by the audience. He received some pretty bouquets of fragrant flowers there, and one of his prettiest bouquets was taken in a picture by his most attached lady-friend.

Mr. Joseph A. Roop, a mute member of the Y. M. C. A. has been quite sick, but he is getting much better. His ailment is bilious fever.

Mr. Charles Stephenson, a mute brother of H. S. Stevenson, died on the third of this month.

The house where Rev. Mr. Syde and his family live, was badly damaged by fire on the 18th of Feb. The loss was about \$250.

The writer was informed that Mr. Sipple, a mute, was quite sick. I hope his recovery will be speedy.

Mrs. Paullin, who was run over by a carriage last autumn, has appeared at the Religious services of the Deaf-Mute's Mission. We were glad to see her again. Prof. Jerome T. Elwell, B. A., delivered a lecture on Versailles and the Cathedral de Milan in the rooms of the Clero Literary Association, on the 24th of last month. His lecture was very interesting.

Prof. Thomas Burnsides, of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, delivered a lecture on Penmanship as Mechanical art, in the rooms of the Clero Literary Association on the 3rd of this month. It was a very instructive lecture.

Our well known friend, Mr. William McKinney still lives in a state of single blessedness. Mr. McKinney, please read and meditate upon some part of Titcomb's writings, where he says: "If you cannot take the wife of your bosom with you, you are to believe, generally, that your plans have not the favor of Providence."

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Beginning Fortnightly Review.

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.

The College in Congress.

Reorganizing the Base Ball Club.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

As the days and the weeks roll on in their uninterrupted course, the second college term approaches its close. Already signs of the advance of "Exams" are noticeable in the reviewing of the term's work. Several of the classes have ere this begun the task of review, and by the time this is in print, probably all the classes will have finished their respective courses, and turned to the summing up. This usually occupies the last two weeks of each term, and comprehends a general resume of what has been read in the past months. The close of review is followed by three days of examination. It is definitely known that the examination for the second term will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, March 29th, 30th and 31st. All Fools' day will be a holiday, and the third term will open on April 4th.

Probably a short vacation will be given at Easter, but even if there is none, we will have but slight cause for complaint. Throughout the college year, we have had our quota of holidays, which taken altogether form a pretty long period of recreation. Yet, it is to be hoped that a short repose will be given at Easter for the sake of the custom.

CONGRESS AND THE COLLEGE.

Previous to the adjournment of Congress, the various bills relating to the expenditure of the college were passed with slight amendment. The original bill, besides other items, asked for \$4,000 for fencing and improving the condition of the college grounds. This item was struck out in the House, but when the bill came before the Senate, a clause appropriating \$3,000 for the purpose was restored. This promises to increase the usual beautiful appearance of the college and its surroundings. Our President justly deserves commendation for the spirited manner in which he always attends to the interest of his charges. The past week has given us the usual allowance of

DISAGREABLE WEATHER.

Tuesday, we enjoyed a storm of wind and rain, which raged with equinoctial fury for nearly thirty hours. It, at one time, promised to equal the late memorable flood, the water deposit being quite large. The college grounds had their share of miniature lakes, over which squadrons of rudely constructed fleets were propelled by the blooming cherubs of Faculty Row. While the rain fell, exercise out of doors was damp and disagreeable, and most of us remained at home. Vennor has it that more storms are coming. Well, we have had our share and are completely disgusted.

By a call of the President of the club, the members of the Kendall Base Ball Club assembled in the Lyceum this morning, for the purpose of

REORGANIZING THE CLUB.

The full membership were present upon the call of the roll, and business was immediately begun with the election of officers. The following was the result of the organization.

Captain, J. P. Kelly, '81; President, Geo. T. Dougherty, '82; Vice-President, Jno. G. Saxton, '82; Secretary, T. F. Fox, '83; Treasurer, N. E. Morrow, '85; Scorer, Thos. F. Fox, '83.

The new President, who is his own successor, spoke of the past glory of the club since its organization in '67, and hoped for the future. At present the club numbers twenty-six members, and from this number a good nine can be chosen. With the present management in charge, it is but reasonable to expect continued prosperity for this, the oldest club in the college. The new captain is the veteran of the club, and will doubtless keep his men up to the required standard. The selection of the nine will be attended to in a short time.

CHIPS.

Hot water is as scarce as gold. The Michigan poet has shed his beard. Will the girls shed tears? Will some reader of the JOURNAL favor Mr. Larson with the address of Mr. E. G. Valentine of Chicago? Keep your skates in good order

boys. Vennor is not done with us yet, as is evident from the appearance of things.

It would indeed be a treat if the New Yorkers could persuade President Gallaudet to lecture before the M. L. A. Students know the worth and interest of his discourses.

Next Friday evening, the "Lit" gives its last programme for this term. The "Lit's" work has been progressing in the usual way and has done much good.

Eor the benefit of inquirer, the address of Mrs. Donnell nee Miss Jennie Gillen, is 913 I Street, North West, Washington, D. C.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, March 12, 1880.

"COLUMBUS."

DRIFTWOOD, AS FOUND FLOATING AROUND THE OHIO INSTITUTION, AND GATHERED IN BY THE "JOURNAL" REPORTER.

The third section, or A Floor pupils, had their second sociable for the year Tuesday evening. What they lacked in fun was fully made up in the good things distributed at the close of the entertainment, for which all had a hearty appetite. There are but two more of these sociables to come off for the present term. Verily, time flies fast.

Teachers' meeting was held Monday evening last, and the only important matter that came up was the announcement that the proposed exhibition before the General Assembly was off. This piece of news was received with a good deal of satisfaction, on the part of those to whom the task of its preparation mostly devolved. We don't blame them, as the getting up of such exhibitions requires a great deal of labor, to give them any degree of success, and this, too, has to be done in addition to their regular school-room work. A subject for a letter has thus been spoiled for us.

Rev. A. G. Byers recently returned from a visit to Bonnie Shaw, and has had a photograph, cabinet size, taken of the sufferer lying in his bed, which he has not left for more than twenty years. In relation to the above the following appeared in the *State Journal*: "Dr. A. G. Byers is preparing a biographical sketch of Benjamin Shaw, of Steubenville. The unfortunate deaf-mute was taken sick at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in this city, twenty years ago. He was then twelve years of age, and has been kept bedfast ever since. His life is full of interesting incidents, as he is quite an odd genius, and has made many devices while lying on his sick bed."

Miss Bettie Allen was married Wednesday noon to Mr. Thomas Taylor, of the firm of Sinclair & Taylor. The wedding is spoken of as being a brilliant one. It is understood after their honeymoon they will make their home in Kansas City, the firm of which Mr. Taylor is a member, intending to remove their business to that place.

A book case, similar to one placed in the boys' study-room, has been put in the girls' study, and it will be stocked with magazines and books, for the girls to peruse during evenings, after having committed their lessons to memory.

Two of the pupils, Mr. William C. Clark and Miss Grow, have gone home owing to ill-health. Barring a few minor cases of sickness, the health of the pupils is excellent.

The fine weather for a few days past has succeeded in bringing football out again, as one of the amusements of the boys, while marble-playing is indulged in by a good many of them, as a means of amusement. Base ball, however, as yet is little talked of, but it will, no doubt, receive due attention ere long.

There has been on exhibition in the city this week a monster whale, said to weigh 80,000 lbs., and, of course, has excited the curiosity of all to see it. An opportunity was given those, who could scrape up a dime to view the "King of the Ocean," Thursday afternoon, and about 176 of the pupils thus availed themselves. While inspecting his whaleship, the platform, on which they were standing, which was on a level with the ear on which the whale lies, broke down, and quite a number were precipitated below a distance of four and a half feet. Luckily none of them were injured; but some at the time imagined that they were being swallowed up.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Overstake arrived at the institution yesterday after a month's visit down in Southern Ohio. They go from here in a few days to Delaware, Ohio, next to Carey, and then home.

It has been the custom here for the Superintendent to conduct the Sunday lectures, the gentlemen teachers the week day chapel exercises. To bring in a little variety a change in the programme was made last fall by having the teachers of the two highest classes assist the Superintendent in the Sunday services by rotation, at the same time they were relieved from conducting daily exercises in the chapel.

We give this statement, as the *Companion* in its last issue would have it appear that none of the teachers here except those of the classes referred to were required to perform such service.

It is our opinion that the Sunday services in our Institution should be entirely conducted by the Superintendent or Principal thereof. There may be some objections to this for the reason that the more variety the greater will be the interest manifested by the pupils. How is it in our city Churches, where a minister sometimes preaches in the same sanctuary from ten to twenty years, and yet those who make up his congregation do not

seem to grow weary of his preaching. The secret of this is, he has studied the wants of his flock and prepares himself accordingly. And we think if the Superintendent would endeavor at all times to make his sermon interesting; there would be no cause of complaint on the part of pupils.

A letter received this morning from friends at Kingston, dated March 1st, by Mr. Raffington, states that Mr. and Mrs. Perry were still due at that point. It is likely they have reached there by this time.

Some of the boys have again been seized with the tramping fever, and are making the tanbark fly in their play-room.

Several choice specimens of plants have been donated to the Institution this week by Mrs. Peter Ambos, of this city, and they have been placed in the "Russell" where they will be added to the attractiveness of the place.

Copies of Reports received from the various institutions throughout the country have been placed on the table in the printing office, of which mention was made in our last letter. They are greatly appreciated by the boys, as it gives them an opportunity to "look in" on the doings of our sister Institutions.

COLUMBUS.

3-12-'81.

Full Blown Mignonettes.

"The Bernhardt" gave our city the "go" last week. The divine "Sara" pocketed quite a sum and also made the hearts of several thousand youths and bald heads.

The "investigators" are done with us. "This said they are worse than fifty thousand women gossiping and asking questions. Well, we guess 'twas true.

The Spring examination will "hold the boards" on the 16th. It looks very much that there will be innumerable, "do tell me, for I don't know's."

Many thanks my dear "Mr. Why," both for the information and timely advice. Rest assured we will think twice before we speak, next time.

Miss Lowe's precious marmee and dashing brother Charlie have left Stockwell, and taken up their abode in this city: Bella is happy, happy now.

"Elm," of Vernon Park, has been added to our list of correspondents, and is quite a brilliant addition too. Writes too beautiful, and is so original. Don't you you (all of you) wish you were us? *Course you do.*

"Geo.," of Detroit, we beg leave to inform you "Mortenson" that we have been waiting for something terrific to happen so we could just "boom" in these columns; but "no go," so we'll content ourselves with such notes as these are, and which are as dry as "Sahara." By the by, "The two in one" took very well, but one thing thou lackest, and that is a dainty crop of "eider down."

We "spose," "Minnie Myrtle," "Lord Roscoe," "Gerardine," "We, Us & Co.," "Miss Angie," "Okojimbo & Gage," "Bella L." "Old Bachelor," "Josephine," (not Pinafo.) "Elm," (but we will excuse her as she contributes largely to other periodicals and has her dainty hands full,) "Pat, Jr. and Sr." and the poetic "Hieronymus," of the "Silvany" State, have all taken a "Tip Van 'Winkle" nap; 'tis high time they were awakened.

"Rouse you, rouse you, drowsy sleepers, Dreams are maddening moods at best; Joys await you, sweeter, deeper, Than have ever moved one's breast."

Trumpet-tongues peals forth to waken You to march to sterner fields; While truth's outposts are sore shaken, By the force that error wield.

Prof. Gillet reached his seventy-first birthday, March 3d, '81. It was celebrated in quite a nice way. His daughter Isa, getting up a surprise party for him, and all the seniors and his old pupils being invited, they made all go merry as a marriage bell. The High Class also had a pleasant surprise for him in the shape of an elegant *Cretan* easy chair,—just the sort to court "silkens dreams." A silver plate was put thereon bearing the inscription:

TO PROF. H. S. GILLET,

FROM THE SENIORS OF '81.

Miss Stella Coe did up the little poem which we give below:

TO PROF. H. S. GILLET.

Time drags apace with measured step, And adds year unto year, Strews flowers and thorns on life's highway, From cradle unto bier.

Strews flowers and thorns with careless hand, Nor spares the tender foot, Nor scorns to drop some cheery flowers Where bitter rivals sweat.

With smiles and frowns and often tears He greets us every hour, Adds charms to charms and faults to faults, From bud to fading flower.

There he hath delt with gentle touch, And smiled upon thy work, As on one who, when duty called Was never known to shrink.

Long may he smile, long may he strow With lavish hand thy way Thickly with flowers, may joy and peace Mark each succeeding day.

And tho' the path hath much of care, And much hath gone amiss, Let not remembrance of the past Bedim thy future bliss.

This day dawns bright upon thee, Full of promise, full of cheer, And rolls around the mile stone, To mark the new made year—Three-score and ten and one.

May'st thou never know a keen regret, Nor ever sorrow deep, May God's own angels hover near, And o'er thee vigils keep.

The photograph of the National D. M. College has been elegantly framed, and now occupies a conspicuous position; within the walls of the Reception Room.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The poem, "Elsa," by Howard

Glyndon is too beautiful. Wordsworth says—

"Trailing clouds of glory, do we come, From God, who is our home? Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

We quote the following for the sole and special benefit of "Newcomer,"

"One science only will one genius fit, So vast is art, so narrow human wit, Like Kings, we lose the conquest gained before, By vain ambition still to make them more."

We had some lovely weather last week, but it didn't last. "The old woman who sweeps the cobwebs from the sky" took a sudden notion to "pick her geese" and now 'tis snowing gay and fast.

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting— Waiting for the May— Waiting for the pleasure rambles, Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles, With the woodbine alternating, Send the dewy way, Ah! my heart is weary waiting— Waiting for the May."

Au revoir,

MIGNON.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 5, 1880.

The habit of reading on the part of Deaf-Mutes.

BY HARRY WHITE.

It is a sad fact, but nevertheless true, that those deaf-mutes who scarcely ever glance at the inside pages of a book, or even at the title page, can be counted by the thousands, while the number of those who have acquired a relish for literary food is a few paltry hundreds. With books of all sorts lying on all sides, and within easy reach of them—books calculated to excite the imagination of the romantic, to furnish food for the thoughtful, and to amuse the fancy of the idle—how few of them ever take up a volume to read! As in many cases, with good libraries at their command in their homes, the dust lies thick and heavy upon those treasures of the mind and imagination which might have enlarged the capacities of their intellects and increased their stores of knowledge. It would seem as though those works of a lower order of the imagination—the dime novels—were better reading than none at all in such circumstances as these.

Now these questions naturally arise: With whom does the fault lie? Who are to blame for this indifference to reading—the teacher or the pupil himself? I have no hesitation in affirming that the fault lies not so much with the pupil as with the teacher and parent. At no institution that I know of, is sufficient interest taken in the literary inclinations of the pupils; at no schools that I am aware of, is a systematic attempt made by the teachers to plant the seeds of true growth in virgin soil while it is yet capable of cultivation. Our characters are largely moulded by what we learn or read, and to think that so important means of securing knowledge which might bear fruit, in mature age, or flower in perennial bloom, is neglected in those who from the nature of their misfortune are almost wholly dependent upon their teachers while at school, ought to open the eyes of educators of youth to their responsibility. To prove the importance of cultivating a habit of reading among young men, Ralph Waldo Emerson, than whom none has thought more deeply upon the difficult problem of human nature, recommends an intellectual guide for youth in every college where a professorship of books should be endowed. The duty of guiding and encouraging a taste for reading among the mute pupils ought to be added to the other duties of the teacher. To a lack of interest in early life, is to be attributed the sad neglect of mental culture in after years. The term of schooling for a deaf-mute is so limited that the only way to improve their mental understanding, aside from the regular routine of the school-room, is to read.

Many a mute, whose advantages of education were limited, has repaired his deficiencies so far by reading after leaving school, that they are to day, intelligent and apparently well-educated. Instances of these self-taught men and women of our class are well known to us all, and it were unnecessary to name any of them. Some of these self-taught persons can tell you how their attention was first attracted by a yellow cover, and by the title which ran something like this: "The Murder of Bloody Gulch," how they were led on by curiosity to read the first few pages and then to read to the end; how, finally, as their reading became more extensive and their taste improved, they found delight in perusing works of the higher powers of the intellect.

At home, the parents could put into the hands of the mute child such books as are suited to his capacity of understanding, or if not those, papers or pictorial books which might lead to a taste for reading. It were a sin else to do nothing whatever to form a habit of reading. The home is the place where such a habit can be more easily formed than at school, where there are so many different things to divert his interest or attraction. Having nothing to do for the greater part of the time, and separated as he is from other children by his loss of hearing and thrown thereby upon his own resources, no better way of employing his time can be devised than to keep him interested in reading. The earlier this is done, the better. The child may not be able to understand every word that he reads, but what of that? Let him read on; he must learn, and by degrees he will gain a large stock of words and phrases which he will soon be able to turn to good account. There is no smooth or royal road to knowledge for a poor deaf-mute; the way is long

and steep before him, and full of devious turnings and stumbling stones, but even half the way up is better than the bottom. Excelsior! Excelsior! Let that be the motto of every deaf-mute. Onward and upward!

Here is the case of a deaf-mute whom I know. During his first year at school, he showed no marked superiority over his fellows in the command of his mother-tongue, and made many of those mistakes peculiar to deaf-mutes, but during his first vacation, his interest was awakened by the pictorial illustrations of knights bold and ladies fair with which Robert Bonner's paper, the *New York Ledger*, was adorned. His folks subscribed to that paper. Being led by curiosity to know what these illustrations represented, he read the opening chapters and every succeeding chapter after that. It is true, he did not understand all what he read. He had an indistinct perception of the meaning of words, but his imagination was aroused, and he persevered until he gained, by degrees, a large stock of words at his fingers' ends. When the time came when he must return to school, his command of language had improved considerably, though he himself was unconscious of it. Soon after the opening term, the teacher gave a story in signs, upon the conclusion of which the class turned to write it out upon the blackboard. The deaf-mute in question wrote out the story without as much scratching of the head as he had been in the habit of doing the year before. Words came easily to his mind, and flowed as easily from his fingers. Long before the rest of the pupils were through their task, his slate was filled up, and he sat down, wondering why it took the rest so long to write so simple a story. Here we notice the efforts of his long course of reading during his vacation. When the teacher came to read his slate, a look of mingled pleasure and amazement was visible upon his face, and turning round to the pupil, he asked him if he had not read the story somewhere before and committed the words to memory. When the pupil, with a look of genuine surprise, answered in the negative, he looked at him in very much the same way that the rustic gazed at Goldsmith's schoolmaster, wondering how so small a head could contain so many words of learned length and thundering sound. The Principal was sent for. He, too, was surprised, and asked the pupil how he had spent his vacation. When told that he had read most of the time, he exclaimed: "That is it!" and patted him upon the back, telling him to keep on reading. He remarked to the teacher that his improvement was unprecedented in all his experience of deaf-mutes, and that this pupil of one year could use English more correctly, and already knew more words than many others of six years or more of standing.

The art of reading is taught to hearing children almost from their first entrance into school. A progressive series of Hillard's, Sander's, Sargent's, and others' Readers, forms one of their principal studies from the beginning to nearly the end of their course. They are required to read choice extracts from Shakespeare, Scott, Byron and other great authors, while the pupils in our institution are allowed to pick up such reading as they list. Most of them take to reading by chance. In a word, try to get every deaf-mute into the habit of reading, and in after years they will thank you for it.

Notes from Ohio.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—A very cordial invitation was extended by Mr. and Mrs. Simon Goldman to Mr. Joseph H. Vance and Miss Leonora C. Gray, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit their son Joseph, of the 44th Street Institution, who is now at home in Middletown, O. Mr. and Mrs. Goldman are a very pleasant couple, and did all in their power to make their visit a profitable one.

During their stay, which lasted several days, they visited the rink and other prominent places in the city. The visit to the rink was especially enjoyable. A number of very fine skaters making an exhibition of their skill upon roller skates for their benefit.

They called upon the venerable God-mother of Mr. Goldman—Mrs. Hageman—who raised Mr. Goldman from a child of ten years. Mrs. Hageman has a fine collection of curiosities. Among them a quilt that belonged to Queen Victoria many years ago. She also has a collection of paintings of her own family of several generations.

They also made a very pleasant call upon Miss Maggie Cummins, a graduate of the Ohio Institution. She is a very accomplished and agreeable young lady.

When the ladies returned home, they were escorted by Joseph Goldman, who is a young man of intelligence, and possesses a very agreeable and refined manner.

Miss Gray is the guest of Mrs. Vance. The visit to Middletown will long be remembered by the fair ladies, as one of the pleasantest events of their lives.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson, nee Miss Gordon, has nearly recovered her usual health after a long spell of sickness. A host of warm friends offer their congratulations and express wishes for her speedy and complete recovery. We hope to see her pleasant face at the next meeting of the Anderson Society.

HERMAN.

FANWOOD.

Telephone vs. Telegraph.

WORLD'S FAIR.

Golden Wedding.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Vennor, the weather prophet, is now happy. His prophecies for March have been fulfilled to the letter, and we wish an Englishman said, "that them blasted Americans would leave the weather alone, as it has become hawful since they began meddling with it." March came in like a roaring lion, and it is yet to be seen if it will go out like a lamb. It has been raining nearly every day since the beginning of the month, and if it does not rain in the day time, it makes up for it in the night and leaves the ground an ocean of slush for the pedestrians to paddle around in next morning.

Despite the weather, the base ball fever, ditto the spring fever, ditto the boils, have struck this Institution. The first game of base ball, was played on Monday, the 7th inst., and the way, the players threw the ball was dangerous for persons standing behind the thrower. Cause, no practice.

One of our deaf-mute papers, the *Goodson Gazette*, in its issue of Feb. 19th, has an article in which it states that the site for the World's Fair in 1883 is so far out of town that it might as well have been located in Philadelphia, as the New Yorker could reach the latter city by the fast trains quicker than he could get to the site now chosen, and our friend seems to think it is located out of town. To begin with, the site is not out of town, but it is on Manhattan Island, or, in other words, inside of New York City, and can be reached now by the "L" Road and stage in half an hour from the City Hall, distance thirteen miles, or in the same time by the trains of the Hudson River Road, stopping at Inwood—the site. But it must not be supposed that these will be the only facilities for reaching the grounds when the Fair is in working order. Not by a long shot. Elegant steamers will ply on both the Hudson and Harlem Rivers every few minutes, from all parts of this City, Brooklyn and Jersey City, so that the delightful sail up the Rhine of America will be one of the features of the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Currier started for Newburyport, Mass., on the 8th inst., to attend the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. Currier's parents, which took place the following Thursday.

The following is clipped from the *Newburyport Tri-Weekly Gleaner*:

"GOLDEN WEDDING.—A family gathering of unusual interest was held on the ninth of March, at the residence of Enoch Garrish Currier, Esq., the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to Jane Hill. All the children and grandchildren were present. But one death has occurred in this family circle, and that a babe of three months, in the year 1852. Congratulatory letters were received from many friends, among whom may be mentioned: I. L. Peet, LL.D., William Porter, M.D., Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., Rev. E. L. Clark, D.D., Rev. Chas. E. Warren, D.D., Avery T. Brown, Esq., E. A. Dovean, Esq., Channancy N. Brainerd, Esq., of New York City.

The following poem was written by Mrs. Mary T. Peet, of New York City:

Dear friends, grown weary with world's strife, And hearts that gather here in love, Forget awhile your roaming, Send out, O joyous bells, your peals! Your sweetest changes ringing, For love has vanquished time, and now His triumph song is singing.

We hear it in the lives, which tell Of years of loving duty; We hear it in the voices sweet Of children in their beauty. On every wind the song is borne, Soft as a child's caressing, And kindred hearts beat low, as if Anointed priest were blessing.

Then blow, sweet breeze, along their way; O bluest skies bend o'er them; And loveliest flowers light day by day Unfold your blooms before them. Beam out, O morning lights, to cheer The pathway they are treading; And ye pale stars of night, look down To bless this Golden Wedding.

CLIPPINGS.

The autograph fiends are at work, and the "original" poet has a whole pile awaiting his productions.

The question debated before the F. L. A. on Saturday evening was on the following subject: "Which will be the most useful means of communication, the Telephone or the Telegraph." Messrs. James T. Thorne and Joseph H. Donnelly supported the Telephone, and Messrs. Julius Wilken and Dennis Sullivan the Telegraph. The volunteers were, Mr. A. Capelli for the Telephone, and Mr. J. W. Nash for the Telegraph. The voting gave a majority of 75 in favor of the Telephone.

Mrs. T. H. Jewell gave birth to a female child on Tuesday, the 8th inst. and at latest accounts mother and child are doing well.

The evergreen ornaments that were put up in the dining room last Decem-

ber are still holding the fort, and the once glorious sight is hardly noticed now. Guess it is about time they ought to be taken down, as it is not pleasant to have to search for one's plate under a pile of fallen leaves.

If Charlie Thompson, of the Minnesota Institution, really means to turn out as a hotel keeper, he may mark us down as one of his patrons. We think he would make a good one.

There is a great deal of talk among a certain class of pupils of getting the directors to hurry up in the removal of the Institution to Tarrytown, they being anxious to become the possessors of an ice-yacht. The Hudson, in the vicinity of Tarrytown, is a noted race course for ice-yachts. The ice-yachts fly along with lightning speed, and the following is only one of the many exciting races a passenger on the Hudson River Railroad experiences.

The Hudson River Railroad Express trains are noted as being the fastest in the Union, and it is saying something when an ice-boat creeps away from one just as it were standing still. The following exciting race took place between a lightning express train and an ice-boat on Wednesday. The engineer of the train put in his best licks and the fireman worked like a hero. The train had no stops to make, and the ice-boat made none. For about eight miles they were even, but as the wind freshened up the boat bade adieu to the train, and, rounding a point, speedily left it out of sight.

There has been a nice plank walk laid from the 10th Avenue entrance to the Institution, and there is no more grumbling about the mud. The work was done in the carpenter shop connected with the Institution.

This Institution will contribute two students for the National Deaf-Mute College next year. Their names are Messrs. J. H. Dundon and C. W. Hathaway. Both are studying to enter the Freshman Class.

HEN QUILL.

Boston Notes.

Last Wednesday evening the Boston deaf-mutes were to have a social gathering; but when they arrived they found the door to their hall locked, and the janitor could not be found. Miss Rhoda Barnard persuaded the "Big Giant" to try his hand at picking locks, in which he was very successful, as by the aid of false keys he opened the door, for which they were very thankful; but when he was accused of breaking and entering, he, like old Father Adam, said, "The woman asked me to do it, and I did."

We were all very much pleased, when Mr. George McEwan, a Scotch mute, offered to give us a description of the loss of the steamer *Bohemia*, which used to ply between Boston and England, on board of which was Mr. John Smith, a deaf-mute, who, with 32 others, found a watery grave. The ship was stranded on the coast of Ireland. Thirty of her crew were saved. The ship was out of her course, and at the time of the accident the fog was very dense. Mr. Smith is missed by a large circle of friends, who knew him to be a kind hearted fellow, which is characteristic of all sailors. He had followed the sea for the last nine years as a fireman, and was considered by those who ought to know, as an expert at his business. Mr. S. left a wife to mourn his loss, he having been married last July.

Mr. McEwan gave them an amusing account of his voyages. He, too, is a fireman, and has nearly circumnavigated the globe. His description of a sailor's life was truly worth listening to, as he gave them an account of the ocean in a storm, as well as in a calm, which to those of the mutes unacquainted with the life of a sailor it was very interesting. He will leave Boston for England next Tuesday.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society has invited Mr. John Carlin to officiate for them on Sunday, the 27th inst., and to lecture before them Wednesday, the 30th inst. He will be the guest of Mr. George A. Holmes.

Mr. Henry A. Jellison, of Newton, Mass., is employed as a shoe-cutter in the Coffin Boot and Shoe Factory, Lynn, Mass., is in town on a flying visit.

YORK, PA.

Mr. Editor:—On Sunday, March 6th, the Rev. Henry W. Syle, of Philadelphia, missionary to the deaf-mutes, held a service in the sign-language at 4 P.M. in St. John's P. E. Church, Rev. Dr. Spalding Rector.

The text was taken from Matthew IV, upon the subject, "Christ's fasting and temptations." The Sermon was listened to with impressive attention by the several mutes who were present.

After service, he was invited to the reading-room, where the mutes took pleasure in his conversation, and felt glad that he had visited "Old" York.

No doubt he will meet with certain success in his mission work among deaf-mutes.

While in York, he staid with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lanus till Tuesday afternoon

For the JOURNAL.

"Tis Home Where the Heart Is."

"Tis home where the heart is, ay, dost thou not know,
Though Fate o'er the world may doom us to go;
Though mid scenes of pleasure and beauty we roam,
Yet, where'er the heart is, there, there is our home.

What though all so dark and so gloomy our lot?
What though we may dwell in the lowliest cot?
What though want and misery ever be there,
If only the heart's there, 'tis home—it is fair.

What though in a fair gilded palace we dwell?
Where music may weave its melodious spell,
Where bright birds and flowers, and all things else fair,
Still, if the heart rove, our home is not there.

Then ask me not why I'm a lingerer here;
This spot holds all to my heart that is dear,
Seek not to the far land, to lure me to roam,
For here, where my heart is, here, here is my home.

ANNABEL LEE.

Norwegian Deaf-Mute Schools.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In behalf of the deaf-mute people in Norway, we are happy to relate all that our friend Lars A. Hanstad, B.A. (his former family name is Larson), lately wrote and spoke to us about our silent brethren, and the schools for the deaf and dumb in Norway, whose population is now estimated at two millions. There are only four deaf-mute schools, situated respectively at Christiania, the capital of the country; at Bergen, in the Western part; at Christiansand, in the Southern, and at Trondhjem, in the central part, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean. The first school, at present, has one hundred and twenty pupils; the second has seventy, and the later two schools have each sixty. The school at Trondhjem is the oldest one in Norway, and was founded in 1825, and the French or manual system which was first introduced, is still used. The other three schools, which were established at different times, use the German or oral system, but it is reported that the combined system is now being adopted by all the schools.

Many of those who were taught in articulation give up their oral speech immediately after leaving school, and use the manual alphabet and signs—both different from ours. This may be true of the others who were educated at the schools where the oral system alone is used in our country.

In Norway, the schools which were first supported by donation and contributions, are now maintained by appropriation granted by the congress of Norway, called the Storting (Great court). In all the schools, the work is being carried on successfully like those in our own country.

The deaf and dumb people in Norway are just found to be about six hundred; they are very well educated and find abundant labor. They follow various trades, and occupations, and some professions with skill, industry, faithfulness, and independence like our own class.

The city of Christiania being the largest and most commercial town, has the greatest number of deaf-mutes in one place. They have a very benevolent society, named the "Norwegian Deaf and Dumb Society," which was organized in 1878. It is the sole owner of a great capital of about five thousand dollars. At present it has sixty regular members, and also an evening school.

Two highly educated deaf-mutes, whose names are Lars A. Larson and Halvard Aschehoug, who graduated at the University of Norway, the degree of Bachelor of Arts being conferred upon them both ten years ago. Immediately after his graduation, Halvard Aschehoug, B.A., engaged in book-selling, and then, himself, established a company to transact the same business with the title of H. Aschehoug & Co., in the city of Christiania, but in two years, at the age of twenty-eight, he died of consumption, which resulted from his tour among the mountains. Also, Lars A. Larson, B.A., obtained a high position as clerk in the Audit Department of the Storting. Not long ago, he changed his family name to that of Hanstad, derived from the name of a farm at which he was brought up, for the reason that there are so many "Larsons" within a circle.

In Norway, there is a peculiar custom of giving different names to farms, similar to those of towns, and the names of the farms are rather used in the place of family names.

Mr. L. Hanstad is entitled to the honor of writing the volume with the title of "About Order of the Irregular School Affairs," in Norwegian. Five years ago, through the mighty pen of this man, the Storting enacted a law constraining every deaf and dumb child at a certain age to be sent to school. This law may be called the *Larson Law* in honor of the originator, and at present compulsory education is strongly maintained in Norway.

Last year, the large photographs of our college, and the United States Capitol, were sent to every school in Norway, and several copies of the *American Annals* (of last January), *Crying Evils* in the Deaf-Mute World, Catalogue of '79-'80 of the National Deaf-Mute College, Proceedings of the First National Convention of deaf-mutes, and the Report of the Y. M. C. A. at the National Deaf-Mute College, were sent to our friend, whose name is mentioned above, in Norway. We have in our possession several copies from him, of which the following is a list:—*About Order of the Irregular School Affairs; About the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, and Feeble-minded Children; A Few Words about the Deaf and Dumb; and*

the Report of the Norwegian Deaf and Dumb Society, all written in Norwegian. In addition to this, we learned that Revs. Gallaudet and Mann, to whom a certain number of Norwegians were introduced with pleasure at the Second Re-union of the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, at Madison, Wis., said that by judgment from their appearance, they seemed to be well educated and highly elevated in character, and devoted their energies to habits of industry. Some papers say there are a million of Norwegians in the North-West, among whom are over fifty deaf-mutes.

ONE OF THE LARSES.

2-24-'81.

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Before this reaches you, you will have been informed of my extended trip to this ancient town, which is worth visiting on account of its being first settled in America in 1565. Yesterday morning, it being very delightful, spring-like weather, I took passage in the Pastime. We had a charming run up the St. John River under a cloudless sky. Sailing South is termed *going up the river*. The river empties at the north-eastern part of the State. If you were to leave Enterprise, 205 miles south of Jacksonville, for the north, you would have to sail down the river. I made a mistake in telling the proprietor of my hotel that I was *going down* the river, and he laughed at me and said that I was *going up*. That is the only river in the United States that runs that way.

The river is very much like the Narragansett Bay in Rhode Island, and is six miles wide in many places. We saw several fine resorts and well-cultivated orange plantations on the banks of this stream.

We passed in full sight of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's residence at Mandarin, fifteen miles from Jacksonville. Mandarin is a small village, the inhabitants of which place the nearly all massacred by the Seminoles during the Indian war. Mrs. Stone is the same lady on whom the late Collins Stone, now principal of the American Asylum, called with a friend of his from Michigan before he was run over, and killed by an express train while she was at Hartford, Conn.

During the Indian war, while I was on my first way from Hartford to Virginia, I met General Winfield Scott at Fredericksburg, Virginia, took him for a stranger, not knowing who he was, and asked him a question about going to my destination. The answer being satisfactory, I nodded my head as a token of thanks. He wrote on a piece of paper as follows: "I am General Winfield Scott, U. S. A." and I was greatly surprised at seeing his name, which made him smile at me. He again wrote as follows: "I am going to Florida to fight the Indians," which sentence he plainly translated into signs before me. He was twice as tall as I was then. It being midnight, he put me into my berth on the night train, and lay down on the floor to sleep like a true soldier. I beckoned to him to take my berth and he shook his head. It was the war which took him to Florida.

Among the resorts which we passed is Green Cove Spring, which reminded me of Narragansett Pier. It has many attractions, especially to invalids. The Sulphur Spring is its greatest attraction, and is as clear as crystal. Its flow is about 3,000 gallons per minute. I was so much pleased with its appearance. The ladies wore summer hats as if it were June, it being a sweet day there. I would advise deaf-mute invalids to spend the winter at the Spring. We next passed Picolata, one of the oldest settlements in Florida. It has been the site of a fort to protect the Spaniards from the attack of the Indians, but its remains are all gone. The fort was constructed by order of Menendez, who founded St. Augustine in 1565. It used to be a halting place for the Spaniards while on their explorations between St. Augustine and the Gulf of Mexico. We observed several very nice orange groves there. It was told there that an orange plantation of five acres had been bought by an English company for \$25,000.

We got off at Toei to take cars for St. Augustine, fifteen miles distant.

While the train was in motion, one of my fellow travelers told me an amusing anecdote. While we were on board the Pastime, the colored chambermaid found a pocketbook containing fourteen dollars, and gave it to the owner. He told her that he would return it to her if she would let him kiss her, but she refused his request, and did not want the money. So he took and pocketed it. What a virtuous woman she must have been.

We put up at the Magnolia House, St. Augustine, Fla., after dark. I called on Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon the same night. She used to teach at the New York Institution, and is a daughter of the Rev. W. W. Turner. The health of her husband was the cause of her sojourn at that place for the winter.

Early the next morning, I strolled about town before breakfast. After breakfast, curiosity took me to the celebrated fort, the oldest fortification in the Union. They commenced building the fort in 1693, and completed it in 1756, through the labor of the conscript Indians, which continued over sixty years. Its first name was "San Juan de Pinos," and was afterwards changed to "San

Marco," and it was given the name of Fort Marion in 1821, when Florida was ceded to the Union. The Indians were compelled by the cruel Spaniards to do the labor of building the fort for over sixty years. The fort occupies an acre of ground, and has accommodations for one thousand men and one hundred guns. There I saw several things to interest and please me. I went into the old catholic chapel in the fort, where I saw the altar and holy water niches well preserved. There all prisoners sentenced to death were taken and offered up a last supplication in the chapel before they were shot. I saw the cell in which Osceola, the Indian chief of Florida, was imprisoned for instigating the Indians to make war against the white settlers. He was afterwards transferred to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, S. C., where he died of grief, and was buried. I saw his grave there two years ago. I have seen many other things in St. Augustine, but I cannot relate all of them for want of time. I go away this afternoon.

JOB TURNER.

Hudson Riverside Literary Association.

Last week, on the 3d of this month, at the regular meeting, a few remarks were given by the President William Emis for the improvement of the association, and followed with a lecture given by Mr. C. D. Newton, entitled "A Terrible Mistake," which was very interesting and touching to the feelings of every one, and his plain sign-making pleased his associates far above what they could express. The same lecture was given to the Fannwood Association in the chapel and every one was interested in it, and the speaker was thanked for his endeavors to please his fellow-scholars.

A short time ago, a debate was held between Messrs. Reilly, Dobbs, Schanck and E. E. Smith on the subject, "Are women more revengeful than men?" Affirmative side, W. J. Reilly and J. H. Dobbs, Negative side, H. Schanck and E. E. Smith.

The question was well handled and much appreciated. The voting resulted as follows: Affirmative side 6, Negative side 6, and Independents 2.

It is the endeavor of the association to please all. When invited to deliver a lecture or take part in a debate, or relate anecdotes, the sign-making will be so clear that no one can misinterpret it, consequently no false impression as to the intent of the lecturer can be circulated. This last fault of misunderstanding and repeating what has been said in a different way so as to convey a different meaning is prevalent among the mutes here and elsewhere.

The members of the High Class always are much respected by this association and not one ill-word is said of those who do not belong to it.

This association has improved its members in the habit of politeness. This we have, ever since it was organized, kept as the third rule of our personal honor, and hope to be similarly treated by others.

The President and Secretaries have been hard at work with the Constitution and By-Laws and will be through pretty soon, and the members will receive a copy of them before long.

These few subjoined lines form the motto of this association's members: "If you have an enemy, treat him kindly, and you will make him your friend, you may not win him over at once, but continue your kindness and you will succeed. Repeated kindness will soften the hardest heart."

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Letter from Port Jervis.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I have been thinking of writing a few lines to you for some time and take this opportunity of doing so. It gives me much pleasure to read your very interesting JOURNAL, of which I have been a subscriber for three years. I would like to know when my subscription runs out.

If my deaf-mute friends would like to know and hear from me through the JOURNAL, I am living with my sister Mary, and doing well since I left the New York school six years ago, in Port Jervis.

I had the pleasure of attending the wedding and reception of my cousin three weeks ago. The bride wore an elegant wine-colored silk with train, veil and orange blossoms. The presents were numerous and elegant. The night of the reception we met with quite an accident. My two nieces, a young gentleman and myself were thrown from our sleigh. My oldest niece had her head badly cut. The rest of us were more fortunate. Nothing more occurred than a lively shaking up, and the unpleasantness of wading through the deep snow.

I received a very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Peter Witschief, and two children last Sunday afternoon. As this is my first attempt at writing to the JOURNAL, I will not tire you.

EVA HORTON.

March 13th, 1881.

—To make Japanese cement: Mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water; then gradually add boiling water till a proper consistency is acquired, being careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be stirred for one minute in a clean sauce pan. This paste is beautifully white, almost transparent, and well adapted for fancy paper work or other things requiring a strong and colorless cement.

MARCH.

Although I now stand number three, Yet they in history versed Say, in the days that used to be Of months I was the first. They put me back, one of those years When classes new were forming; And maybe that's the reason, dears, Why I am always storming.—Will Carleton.

DEAR JOURNAL:—March came in like a lion out here.

The "March Devil" is abroad, and it behooves all deaf-mutes to look for him or he will clutch their throats and chests. How well I remember Dr. Peet giving me my first information in regard to "his majesty." I was a little chit then, and scudded along the dark halls with trembling limbs for fear of him, but soon found out what he really was and got laughed at for my fears. So deaf-mutes need not be frightened. March is not such a great black ogre as they first suppose. But I will stop talking about the weather, or I shall be caught following "Mr. Why's" advice "to talk about the weather for an hour or two."

What a goody, goody, good time! all must have had up at Fannwood on the immortal George Washington's birthday, from the description in the JOURNAL. But did any of you, gay actors in the drama, think that a time might come when you would look back upon that day and remember it as one of the bright spots in your life? I speak from experience, for I have been there before in years gone by and enjoyed myself with the gayest of the gay, and now I cannot keep regretting now, and then that such times are for me no more. I do not wish to mar any one's enjoyment, but in after years each one of you with a soul of any sensibility will have some moments when you will long for the days that were, but are, alas!

"Gone is the old time Queen,
Gone all her pleasures,
Gone to the great museum,
Gone with her treasures."

Washington's birthday seems to have been particularly enjoyable among deaf-mutes this year. May they see many another such.

If Dr. Peet will come down this way, I shall be happy to show him (or any one else that will come) where the "man in the hearts of his countrymen" crossed the Delaware, for we live on its banks, within easy distance of the place, (not quite three miles, and in sight always). The place was then (in 1778) called "Coryell's Ferry," now Lambertville, where I told you last week four deaf-mutes reside. There is still a street called "Coryell St.," up which the victorious General led his army towards Trenton. In 1878, they celebrated the centennial anniversary of the crossing at L., and went as near as possible the whole thing over again. I was there and enjoyed it all.

ITEMS.

The following is from a Philadelphia paper:

"There has just died in Utica, a gentleman of an exceedingly quiet disposition, who has not uttered a word for more than half a century. The account states that being convinced at an early age of the harm wrought by excessive garrulity, he resolved never again to speak and affirms that he remained true to his principles. If he had a communication to make, he wrote it. If asked a question, he penciled his answer. If sent on an errand he still used signs, and not words, for all the world like a deaf-mute. He was married, and his wife says of him that there was never a kinder husband, and often remarked during his life 'that if he talked so much as she did, the Lord only knows what might happen.'"

Peter B. Gulick has gone to New Brunswick to take steps for establishing a school for deaf-mutes in the place.

Joseph Yothers, an old and hearty deaf-mute gentleman, a widower, and a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution 30 years ago, made them at Brookville a visit last Sunday. "Meg" calls him grandpa. He goes to Flemington, N. J., the 1st of April to work for her brother-in-law. He subscribes for the JOURNAL.

In England, a short time ago, the police found a low, filthy den, in which a woman lay dead with an uneducated deaf-mute son beside her; the boy could tell them nothing, but pointed to the walls of the room, around which he had pasted up all sorts of pictures cut from illustrated papers and magazines. The officers in looking at them, discovered among the lot some bank bills and a hundred pound note which he had found, and neither knowing their value from their ignorance of any thing higher than copper pennies or silver shillings, he had pasted it along with the rest. The police carefully got them off the wall, had him decently clad and sent to school upon the proceeds. Let us hope that he will never show such abuse of ignorance again.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL DAYS.

The scrapes, fun and frolic I am about to relate occurred in '68 and '69. Of the boys, fun, and I know very little except as it was told to me and for fear of making mistakes I will confine my sketches to the girls who were never suspected of "playing hockey"—but we did, I shall however, use only their first names, and you can all guess out who they were. I will begin with.

HOW THREE GIRLS WENT COASTING.

Every pupil knows the splendid coasting place. The New York Institution grounds afford to the ambitious small boy with his sled, and now then even the bigger ones envy him, also the girls are in the same boat, and Anna, Maggie and Libbie being

girls, and very desirous of some fun, resolved to have a coast. Libbie got Maggie and Anna behind a door. Now girls, says she, you know "Crist's" big sled; if either of you can get it we will have some fun to-night and don't you never, never tell. Maggie said she could get the sled, and after promising not to tell went for it.

She got Crist to leave it over the fence by the washing house where it suspicions would not be noticed, telling him she wanted to try it in the morning, but we tried it a little earlier and this is how we did it.

We all three agreed to go to bed and wait until everyone else was asleep, then we were to meet down stairs in the dressing-room; it was very moonlight and we had no fears.

We met, but the door was locked against our going out, the window admitted of no exit on account of stationary blinds, so Anna went up into the Dormitory where the girl slept who kept the door key, and softly stole it from her dress pocket and let us out, taking it with her.

Around to the wash-house we went, and found the sled, and then there went over to the boy's side, climbed the hill to the Mansion house—it was past 11 P.M., I think—and got ready for a ride to the dock.

On the first attempt, we ran against a post, upset, and had to come back. Maggie could steer, and just as she swung the sled around for us to pile on, the rope slipped out of her hand and away went that sled on a voyage of its own. We all three ran to stop it but it was half way down before we did and it ran against the side of the road or the Lord only knows but it would have gone into the river in time. Chiding each other to be more careful, we got seated and started, but this time Maggie fell off behind, and we went down nearly to the dock before we stopped. Not the least discouraged, we pulled back and met Maggie and tried our luck again.

Down the long hill we went; Maggie steered splendidly, if she was a girl, and brought us up within a yard of the railroad track. Back up the long course we went, and down we came again, but this time we nearly knocked a big policeman off his feet at the foot of the hill. Wasn't he astonished though and we thought, we should die, but to this day my prayer is for God to bless that officer, he undoubtedly was awful-good-natured, and seeing such rosy cheeked girls at such a frolic, had not the heart to condemn us and only smiled and bowed, but we were too much frightened to try the hill again, so we went over to our own side and rode down a short course. We saw three or four faces at various times at the Dormitory windows looking at us, and we were fearful of discovery, but concluded not to make any signs, and perhaps they would take us for village girls, and to make the description more perfect we went off up the road towards the gate, then slyly crept back when no one appeared to be looking. Got in again all right, returned the key, and went to bed. It did not seem long before morning, and then naughty girls must have been out until 4 A.M., but no one ever found them out. The trio were asked though if they saw those Carmansville girls riding down the hill, but they only said, "They did—did they?"

MEG.
BROOKVILLE, March 7, 1881.

Chivalry.

Chivalry was an institution of the Middle Ages, which exhibits a peculiar distinction from modern thought, manners, and customs, as opposed to those of antiquity. Of its origin, nothing is certainly known. Probably the most reasonable view of that origin is Guizot's, that chivalry "was the progressive development of ancient facts, the spontaneous consequence of German manners and feudal relations." We may say that it had its origin in two peculiarities in the customs and instincts of the Teutonic races—the honor paid to the profession of arms, and the respect evinced for the female sex. In its specific sense, chivalry dates from about the tenth century, A.D. It was the flower of the feudal system, and brought to maturity by the Crusades. The orders of knighthood are so intimately associated with its history, that they hardly need a description here. As those orders grew out of the desire of men of strong feelings to remove or to diminish certain evils, so did the institution of chivalry grow out of the wish of individuals to apply a correction to more extensive evils that existed at an earlier period. Several men, who were humane as well as brave, resolved to unite in protecting the weak and defenceless, devoting their swords to the work. Courage was one of their chief virtues.

It is wonderful that chivalry appeared on the dark ground, in which it would have seemed impossible for it to grow. But it was inevitable that the morals of chivalry should partake of the character of the times in which it existed. Every thing was allowable to valor and beauty. One of the vows of knights was to protect the just right of the weak, such as widows, orphans and maidens. The effect of this was to elevate the knightly character, and to exalt it to an almost incredible pitch. Pride would be entirely effaced from the heart of him who endeavored by humility and courtesy to win the grace of a lady. Their aspirations were good, and productive of good both to themselves and to woman.

The school of chivalry exercised a great as well as wonderful influence

on Europe. The training of youth was very elaborate and singularly successful. It was commenced at an early period of life—generally at seven or eight years of age. The youth was called valet or page. He attended the lady wherever she went. He was instructed in strict obedience, politeness, gallantry, music, etc. Indeed, he was trained in a manner calculated to develop all resources of human fame. At the age of fourteen, the page was advanced a step, and promoted to the dignity of a squire. The squire's training as his increased years appeared, was far more severe than that of the valet. Generally at the age of twenty-one, the squire has reached the goal of his ambition—knighthood. The admission to this order was attended by an imposing ceremony, religious in its character. This shows how close the connection between the church and chivalry was. The characteristic amusement of the age of chivalry were tournaments.

Statesmen as well as the clergy, could not fail to acknowledge that if the Mussulmans were not assailed in the East, they would endanger Christianity in the West. Essentially religious in their apparent character, the Crusades were really a great political movement. But to enable Christianity to attack Islamism with effect, it was found necessary that there should be an abatement of the quarrels that existed throughout the West. Hence chivalry was admirably adapted to the object. This manifests how great an influence chivalry had on Europe.

Chivalry as an institution came to an end at the opening of the 15th century, when feudalism declined. The good that was in it has survived, and the obligations of the world to it, as an ameliorating and civilizing agent, are large; and observing what chivalry has done towards the progress of civilization, its obligations should, therefore, never be called in question. We owe the noblest human type to the same influences which shaped chivalry in the Middle Ages.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Mobile, Ala.,	March	2d.
New Orleans, La.,	"	6th.
Morgan City, La.,	"	13th.
Galveston, Texas,	"	20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	"	23d.
Austin, Texas,	"	27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	"	30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April	3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	"	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	"	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	"	17th.
Baton Rouge, La.,	"	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	"	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Maysville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Staunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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